By drunken propheſies libels and dreames,
To ſet my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other,
And if King *Edward* be as true and iuſt
As I am ſubtile, falſe and trecherous;
This day ſhould *Clarence* cloſely be mewd vp,
About a propheſie which ſayes that G.
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer ſhall be.
Dine thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with*
Heere *Clarence* comes, *a Guard of Men.*
Brother, good dayes, what meane this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?
Cla. His Maieſty tendring my perſons ſafety, hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.
Glo. Vpon what cauſe?
Cla. Becauſe my name is *George*,
Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your god-fathers:
O belike his Maieſty hath ſome intent
That you ſhall be new chriſtned in the Tower;
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?
Cla. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I proteſt
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after propheſies, and dreames,
And from the croſſe-row pluckes the letter G,
And ſayes a wizard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be,
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he:
Theſe as I learne and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Haue moued his highneſſe to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are ruld by women;
Tis not the King that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis ſhe
That tempts him to this extreamity,
Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhip
Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him ſend L. *Haſtings* to the Tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe *Clarence*, we are not ſafe.

Cla.

Cla. By Heauen I thinke there is no man ſe
But the Queenes kindred, and night walki
That truge betweene the King and Miſtris *Sho*
Heard you not what an humble ſuppliant
Lord *Haſtings* was to her for his deliuery?
Glo. Humbly complayning to her Deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty,
Ile tell you what, I thinke it were our way,
If we will keepe in fauour wi
To be her men and weare her liuery,
The iealous ore-worne widdow and her ſelfe,
Since that our brother dubd them Gentlewom
Are mighty goſſips in this monarchy.
Bro. I beſeech your graces both to pardon m
His Maieſty hath ſtraightly giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree ſoeuer with his brother.
Glo. Euen ſo and pleaſe your worſhip *Br*
You may pertake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no treaſon man, we ſay the King
Is wiſe and vertuous and the noble Queene
Well ſtroke in yeares, faire and not iealous,
We ſay that *Shores* Wife hath a prety foote,
A chery lip a bonny eye, a paſſing pleaſing
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentl
How ſay you ſir, can you deny all this?
Bro. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe hath no
Glo. Nought to do with Miſtris *Shore*, I tell
He that doth nought with her excepting one
Were beſt to do it ſecretly alone,
Bro. What one my Lord?
Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldeſt thou b
Bro. I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, an
Your conference with the noble Duke.
Cla. We know thy charge *Brokenbury*, a
Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects and m
Brother farewell I will vnto the King,
And whatſoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* widdow ſiſte